"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

A CHILD was playing with some miniature building materials, and as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportion, a new pleasure swelled in his heart? he felt himself to be the creator of "a thing of beauty," and was conscious of a new-born power. Arch, wall, buttress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower, and battlements were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly lot of toy materials a structure of such rare design. Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something of the pride of an architect who sees, after months and years of skilfully applied labour, some grand conception of the art embodied in imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, lifting itself hundreds of feet upwards towards the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundation.

As the idea grew more and more perfect, the child's strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the overmastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular—and now sat down, and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he rose, purposing to obtain another and more distant view of his work; but his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin!

In the room with the boy sat his father, reading. The crash disturbed him, and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing for a moment towards the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive page before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light but a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his head upon them and wetted them with his tears?

For more than five minutes he sat as still as if sleeping; then, in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiseless, he commenced restoring to the box, from which he had taken them, the many-shaped pieces that, fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled, he replaced the cover, and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him, half-an-hour afterwards, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attractions of the book he was reading, the momentary annoyance expressed in words and tones with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

A young wife had busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she waited his return, with a heart full of warm emotion. A dressing gown and pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skilful fingers, were the gifts with which she intended to delight him. What a troop of pleasant fancies were in her heart!—How, almost impatiently, did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be dawn, not approaching darkness, to her!

At last she heard the steps of her husband in the passage, and her pulses leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is man's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more-enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business and troubles in their workshops and counting-houses, at the day's decline.—They wrap them up in bundles and carry them home to shadow their households.

It was so with with the young husband on this occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and thrown his vessel backward instead of onward, for a brief space; and though it was still in the current, and gliding safely onward again, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart-warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, not because love had failed in any degree, but because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm around her; but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?" she inquired. With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well," he replied.

He might be in body, but not in mind; that was plain; for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favourite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the bright expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to their pleasant parlour. And now the time had come for offering her gift, and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish?—Did she think more of the reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said, passing from the room, and she went lightly up the stairs.

Both tone and manner betrayed her secret, or rather the possession of a secret with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded before his eyes, when thought returned, with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually risen and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with the dressing gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave expression, to hold back the smiles that were constantly striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit, driven away by the exorcism of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly, as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly, repressing surprise, and affecting an ignorance that he did not feel in regard to the beautiful presents she held in her hands.

"They are for you, dear." was the reply.—"I made them."

"For me!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense!—What do I want with such jimcrackery? This is woman's wear. Do you think I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers. or dress up in that gown? Put them away, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colours, like a clown or an actor."

And he waved his hand with an air of contempt.

There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real—the result of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not, of set purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought patiently, in golden hope, for many days—this dashing to the earth of her brimful cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears

that came rushing to her eyes she turned away from her husband; and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room, and going back to the chamber from which she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, she sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep—the heart-ache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, somewhat to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice,

"Why, bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making me a dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't persuade me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlour," he said, taking hold of her arm and lifting her from the chair, "and sing and play for me; 'The Dream Waltz,' or 'The Tremolo,' 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to me than forty dressing gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force he led her back to the parlour and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skilful touches; but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" said the husband, in a vexed tone. "I am surprised at you." And he turned from the piano and walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was left alone, and in partial anger. Then rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her, and going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep; and though the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister. brother, son, neighbour—are we not all casting shadows daily, on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures of life, true pictures, not as a mirror, but as a kaleidescope.—In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfishly or thoughtlessly—from design, weakness, or ignorance—are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. —A word, a look, a tone, an act, will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, act kindly. be forgetters of self, and regarders of others, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life. The true gentleman is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful lest he wound unintentionally—always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen—ladies, or, in a word that includes all graces and excellencies—be Christians; for it is the Christian who casts fewest shadows of all.

CHRISTIAN MANLINESS.

No doubt there is such a thing as manliness without faith. But its defects are patent enough, even to the eyes of the faithless themselves. You cannot live with it very long without seeing its weak places. God kindles fire to prove us, along our mortal discipline, in whose burning heat it falls to pieces like a flimsy fabric; such fires as require stuff of another tempering to come out refined, in vessels fit for immortal uses. Manliness without faith is not to be trusted; for on Christian faith depends Christian principle; and no other principles can stand all the solicitings of appetite and ambition. The other kind lurches away sometimes, leaving terrible chasms where some trusted pillar in the body politic, or body mercantile, went down. Manliness without devotion must ever want the highest attraction in character, which is self-renunciation,—the producer and ally of true simplicity. That comes only of a secret persuasion of infirmity; and that comes only of the Gospel, showing the commandment and the violation — the perfect law and the alienated life—and spanning the gulf between, by its blessed doctrine of reconciliation, Manliness without piety misses the profoundest and

purest form of gratitude, because that exists only at the feeling of the Divine forgiveness for a sinful heart. In short, manliness without faith, at its best estate, is all frailty; at its surest strength it is unsteadfast; at its fairest promise it is treacherous; at its fullest joy it is empty. It may gain the world; but like the young man of the Evangelist, it turns away from Jesus, and in its great possessions finds no rest.

And no doubt, on the other hand, there is such a thing as religion without manliness,—pietism, and not piety. This is as unnatural as the other You not only rob religion, but you insult and betray it, if you present it through your characters, implicated in narrow judgments, small sectarian manœuvres, a barren brain, frigid sympathies, or a petty style of manners. Religion without manliness whines and crouches. It acts as if Providence were a tyrant, the world a prison, and man a slave. Instead of holding its clear look up, with conscious and graceful dignity to the light, and standing face to face with all the cheerful and solemn facts of life, and looking straight into the eyes of every creature, as faith gives it a supreme right to do, it goes to the church with a ghastly expression, or none; creeps to the prayer meeting abjectly; is half afraid to own its cause, and shows its meagre mind by abusive and unilluminated criticisms. It resorts to tricks for the building of a meeting house which the code of honour among unconverted men would reject from the shop, and settles a minister or equips a missionary with a management too tortuous for the broker's counter. It makes common sense cry out in despair—"Why cannot the disciples of Christ show the world specimens of human character, as broad in proportions, as free in outline, as magnanimous in temper as sensible in practice, as appreciating in taste, as liberal in accomplishments, as they are superior by their celestial calling."

It is an indirect confession, I think, how consistent the strictest and most earnest system of doctrine is with the inward testimony of the heart, that a majority of young men who are thoughtful enough to fill a stated place in *any* sanctuary when they choose their church, choose one where the administration is most decidedly and simply religious. I have known young men, themselves not yet fulfilling the demands of a Christian vocation, and certainly not openly avowing their Christian purposes, to say this:—"When we go to a house of worship, we wish to see the same engagedness there that we expended on a different class of objects all the week. We are suspicious of a style of preaching that is merely genteel, rhetorical, or philosophical. On Sunday we want sincerity, fact snd substance as much as in our business. We want life—not bare, intellectual life, but spiritual. There are books enough, lectures enough, science and poetry enough elsewhere. When we go to church, we want to come into close contact with the very root and marrow of religion; otherwise it is no object. Once, the Sunday preaching was literature, poetry, art, lyceum, university, company, and all, to Protestant people,—the grand, intellectual stimulant and social facility: now it is no such thing. We go to meeting to get glimpses of a Savior, of heaven and peace. Besides, we hate shams and half-beliefs in anything—politics or prayers. If religion is what you pretend, give us the solid thing, no dilution or fancy work. We hold you to your honest word. We say, as the great English captain and disciplinarian, lately dead, said to the delicate young clergyman, who undertook to win from him an assent to some lax construction of the Gospel errand, 'Follow *your* orders.' We say, as another man one of the broadest intellect of the Western continent, more lately gone said, 'Let clergymen preach more to individuals and less to the crowd; let them say, 'The Judge standeth before the door;' 'make it a personal matter;' for even when we do not obey, something in us makes us choose to hear the naked and wakening truth."

"Why do you go," it was asked of one of our merchants' clerks, "to a church where a creed is embraced in which you do not believe?" "Because," he replied, "I find religion there presented as a concern—a pressing, intimate, exigent concern—of the soul; repentance, faith, newness of life, and Christ crucified, are preached to me." It seems to me he was right. The religion that is really natural should harmonise nobleness, earnestness, and manliness of spirit with strictness of doctrine.—*F. T. Huntington.*

THE PREACHER.

It was a fine midsummer evening when the air, made oppressive by the scorching rays of the afternoon sun, had now become softened by balmy breezes, which rendered the country lanes of C—— delightful, that I left my temporary home for a ramble amidst the fields and trees. Moreover it was Sunday—no reaper's sickle disturbed the glowing corn,—no cracking whip irritated the browsing cattle—this was well ordered. The stillness reminded me of a Jewish Sabbath spoken of in Holy Writ. A Sabbath before the traditions of priest-craft, and love of gain had rendered the Mosaic Law a dead letter—when a seventh portion of time was the Lord's, and the Lord's only; for all seemed rest and peace.

I turned an angle of the road; there in front of a little chapel, rural in the extreme, stood a preacher and a group of listeners; the old man's white locks trembled in the breeze—and as he turned over the pages of the Holy Book a happy smile lighted his features, and told of a heart at peace—and young and old of both sexes seemed chained with the attention of enthusiasm. "Ah! one of these travelling preachers," thought I, for I had read of the glorious old John Wesley, and the indefatigable labours of many of his primitive followers. But I was mistaken — I had never esteemed preaching to an out-door audience, but here I was rivetted—the man's very earnestness demanded attention; and willing to hear, I prepared to exercise all my charity—but as I said,—I was mistaken —here was nothing antagonistic—nothing of the reputed Orthodoxy of the churches, —true, he spoke of Saving Faith, of the Atonement by Jesus Christ, of the Regeneration of Sinners, and of Human Depravity, but it was not in the incomprehensible lip-doctrine of Evangelicism, but in the clear light of scripture practicability. The glory of the spirit seemed to overshine him as he commenced his sermon, rich in Apostolic christianity. A hymn and a prayer, the echo of deep and earnest voices ringing over the meadows, and the tribute of solemn and serious hearts ascending to the presence of God.

I departed with the crowd and it was many years ere chance threw me again in his way. Far, far away from that village — travel-worn and eschewing Inns — (sparkling lures to the thirsty soul) as an abomination, I turned the corner of a quiet street amid a bustling trading city, and entered a Cafe. I was ushered into a room where two men of the clerical stamp were engaged in busy conversation. One, I recognised as our old friend "The Preacher," the other was a younger man with a restless eye, and a determined look, which marked him as a future somebody—so wrapped were they in their subject that they did not observe my approach, and despite of coughing and hemming I was made the participator thereof. "You do not understand us when you call us cold," replied the veteran, who wiped his brow, and raising his spectacles to the conventional parlying position, resumed, "Some Unitarian churches may seem cold, lack zeal, and become worldly. But what denomination can you find that is faultless; it is not the BELIEF that is defective but the people who have not well ORGANISED their church. If we would not miss the way we must not be ashamed to take a leaf out of our neighbour's guide book—I think my own experience will justify this assertion." "Nothing will please me better than to hear it," replied the young man, "Pray, go on."

"'Twas years and years ago that I joined the little church at C——, the sweetest —the pleasantest—the cosiest spot I ever visited. At that time things were all sixes and sevens. The Episcopalian railed at the Presbyterian, the Presbyterian thundered at the Romanist, and Methodist, Independent, Baptist, with all the medial diversities of sect and party joined to cut Unitarianism to ribbons. Just as our little church was rising with the strength of a giant to retaliate, one of our trustees (a practical man) cried, 'Stop, stop, my friends we will only borrow from our neighbours that which is good, let us vindicate, but not controvert—let us persuade, but not assault the cherished convictions of these people. As I came across yonder meadow, good friends, I saw three little children preparing to cross the brook; it is a very small brook you know; but the youngest was afraid,—Go on! go on! cried the eldest, with fierce threats and shakings, but the little one shrank back

in dread; presently up came the third—The Brook is not wide, it is easily crossed, *come, come* with me; and taking her little sister's hand, they cleared it at a bound. Now, friends, the brook between us and *Orthodoxy* is not formidable, it is only the disputed meaning of a few passages of Scripture — let them understand so and they will accept our doctrine,—let us draw them, and show these people the stepping-place across this brook,—if we must borrow from them let it not be evil, but good counsel for the improvement of our communities.' This man's word sunk deeply into my heart;—had we not much to improve in this little congregation? I saw a vast amount of faith and energy amongst my flock, but it wanted gathering together, a quantity of workful spirit, but it wanted systemising; the minister and the people were at too great a distance, and the congregation, for want of a connecting link, were in the habit of forming little cliques or companies, beyond the pale of which every one was unknown;—accordingly, to regulate our forces, I set to work. With 'Reform' for their motto the people, who had held up their management as perfect, soon began to find plenty of holes in their coats, but we had no fault-finders, as we were all bent on one object—the advancement of truth, and reform amongst ourselves. To bring us into closer intimacy we appointed twelve of the most zealous and serious men of our congregation as constant visitors in their several districts, amongst the families of the remainder; and on the basis of a deep and firm religious faith to advise all who were in doubt, or any kind of trouble, and quietly to supervise the spiritual wants of both old and young under their charge. This removed at once the distance formerly felt between minister and congregation—and rendered my own visits particularly profitable: the lagging ones were re-invigorated—the sick were consoled and prayed with—a serious spirit was awakened—pews began to fill—earnest, active minds found an ear open and encouragement given to further perseverance. From this latter class sprung a useful staff of sick visitors and scripture-readers—whose services once known were eagerly sought for, even amongst the flocks of other folds—and God's blessing was upon the work. It would have done your heart good to see how all this labour went on. An efficient tract distribution was organised, and the district also systematically divided for this purpose. Our Temperance Society (which was a principal feature) held its meetings at intervals. A Conversation Society had been established, but time had taught onr people that the more eloquent were rather prone to oratorical flourish than imparting in simple seriousness the deep things of God for our mutual edification; and then they saw their error—they had been seeking from man what should properly proceed from the Father in heaven—these assemblies were alternated next with prayer-meetings—this had much of the desired result—for we saw less of vain-glory and pride, and in exchange found more meekness and prayerfulness of heart. This peace, faith, hope, and humble apirit which God alone can give was the precursor and the companion of all our successes. We had found people speak ill of us—they spake ill of us no more—our name had been cast at us as a reproach—we upheld it to the gaze of all, we *called ourselves* UNITARIANS, we determined our fundamental principles should be known—and that their fruits might also be made public, all our benevolent institutions we prominently styled—UNITARIAN. We would not hide our light under a bushel, but made the name public on every occasion—private donations to public charities were given in the name of a 'Unitarian,' even to a sixpence contributed on a Wesleyan Sunday School card. People began to be curious about us—they asked, 'What are these Unitarians? What do they believe?' In the face of our good works none dare belie us. We said, 'Come and see.' We sought the poor rather than the rich, for we knew the instability of dependence on great men—the power of the pence superseded that of wealth—thus we secured liberty and funds—we doubled the number of our meetings for worship, established constant special services to ask God's help in our various institutions;—for coldness we had zeal; for backbiting, charity; for empty pews, regular attendance; and for man's vanity, God's help. The poor gathered round us—malignity was silenced, and the little church of C—— became the brightest, sweetest, and most prayerful assembly in Christendom, I believe."

T. H. J.

THE PRIEST AND THE IRISH MILKMAN.

THE following amusing instance of Irish wit on the part of a Roman Catholic milkman, in foiling the attempts of a priest to make him give up reading the Bible, was related by Dr. Dowling a few weeks ago.

On reaching the milkman's humble cabin in the county of Kerry, the priest thus addressed him :—

"Why, my good fellow, I am informed that you are in the habit of reading the Bible; is my information correct?"

"Sure, and it is true, plase your riverence, and a fine book it is too."

"But you know," said the priest, "that it is very wrong for an ignorant man like you to read the Scriptures."

"Ah," replied Pat, "but you must be afther provin' that same before I'll consint to lave off."

"That I will do from the book itself. Now turn to 1 Peter, ii. 3: 'As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' Now you are only a babe, and are therefore wrong to read the Scriptures yourself. You are here told to 'desire the sincere milk of the word,' and one who understands what the 'sincere milk' is, must give it you and tend you."

Pat listened attentively to the priest's authoritative address, but no way at a loss replied :

"But be aisy, your riverence, while I tell you. A little time ago, when I was took ill, I got a man to milk my cows, and what do you think he did? why instead of giving me the rale milk, he chated me by putting wather into it; and if you get my Bible, perhaps you may be afther serving me the same. No, no, I'll kape my cow, and milk it myself, and then I shall get the sincere milk, and not, as I might from you, mixed with wather."

The priest thus finding himself defeated, and desirous that the mischief should spread no farther, said in a conciliatory tone :

"Well, Pat, I see that you are a little wiser than I thought you; and as you are not quite a babe, you may keep your Bible, but don't lend it or read it to your neighbours.

Pat, eyeing his admonitor very cunningly and seriously, replied :

"Sure enough, your riverence, while I have a cow, and can give a little milk to my poor neighbours who have none, it is my duty to do so, as a Christian; and saving your riverence I will."

The priest concluding that the honest milkman was rather a tough customer, gave up the argument, and walked off abashed.

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"Understandest thou what thou readest?" was the question of Philip to the man of Ethiopia, as he sat on his chariot and read the Holy Scriptures;—how very different is the conduct of the Roman Catholic priesthood with those who venture to read without their leave the lessons of the holy book.

We fully believe the stories told of her aversion to the popular use of the scriptures. We once heard a Roman Catholic priest say, in a course of lectures in vindication of Roman Catholicism, that you could find passages of scripture which said, "Blessed are they who *hear*," but not any passage which blessed those who read. —This assertion, to our minds, proved two things, the opposition of the Roman church to the laity reading the scriptures, and the want of knowledge, in that priest, of what the bible really teaches. "Search the Scriptures" is a command of the great master himself, and in the Book of Revelation, i. 3., we find, "Blessed is he that readeth," as well as those that hear.

A young Frenchman, a very zealous Catholic, once said to us that their church in France did not command but forbade the reading of the bible among the common people. He asked what could be the reason for this restriction. After a moment's consideration we felt bound to make this reply,—"That there was so little in common with the practices and instruction of the Roman Catholic church, and the teaching of the bible, more especially in reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, on which we had been discussing, that a complete knowledge of the doctrines of the scriptures diffused among her people, would be the sure and certain ruin of the Roman Catholic church." We see every reason to hold to that opinion still.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The *Montreal Minerve*, a Roman Catholic paper, has an article entreating subscriptions to the funds of a society "*for the salvation of infidel infants.*" It states that the agents of this society have baptized 329,338 infants, of whom 217,104 are already dead and are gone to heaven. The report goes on to state that children can be saved at twopence halfpenny a-head. Four for one franc, and that a donation of one thousand francs will save 4,000 infants.

Is that not beautiful, pious, saintly? Oh! what generous natures there are in the Roman Catholic priesthood. Who would dare, after this liberal offer, to save so cheap, all the dear little ones of all the heretics and others in the world, to call the Roman Catholic priests narrow-minded bigots.—Here, God is about to damn little children, and a large hearted priesthood steps forward in the pious crusade of rescue at twopence halfpenny a-head. And the scheme we are informed promises to succeed. A subscription at Montreal has been started for the unbelieving innocents, which, without Catholic assistance must become fuel for hadean fires. The appeal is made to fathers' and mothers' feelings with great success we are informed.

With what infernal ingenuity has Romanism executed all its schemes to bring money into the coffers of the church. Anything is resorted to by this mother of abominations and lies to raise money. We *smile* at the trickery of the conjuring hocus-pocus fraternity travelling about our country to draw in pence. The marvelousness and monstrosity of mermaids, giants, and dwarfs we *can tolerate* as a lot of universally known quacks. But we feel indignant when cunning priests, in the name of religion,—of all that is sacred and pure on earth and in the human heart, resuscitate a fossil theology "of hell all paved with infants' skulls," and all for lucre and reward:—How, in such an aspect the priesthood sinks beneath the conjuring and the caravan tribe. The amazing impudence of the Rev. Father Lefevre in offering himself to be raffled for among the ladies of the Fauborg of St. Germains, in Paris, in 1857, at 100 francs a ticket, is outdone by the blasphemy of the priests at Montreal to save infant children from everlasting hell.

The Roman Catholic church has for the last two or three centuries been afflicted with a sort of chronic marvelousness or monstrosity. At one time it goes relict mongering and miracle hatching. Old bones and duds are gathered up and sanctified and anointed, by the name of some saint, and with the parade of some priestly ceremony. The church has thereby a new treasure and chain by which it can lure gold from its duped subjects. The miracle is told abroad to inspire confidence in the ignorant masses, that it is indeed the only holy catholic church. Thus the chains and fetters of a spiritual despotism are made stronger and fastened tighter upon their abject minds. At another time we see her fashioning new dogmas, to attract her devout members. A virgin is immaculated, and the splendid religious trumpery is disseminated with all the pomp and sanctity, that blind devotion and stupid ignorance could throw around it.

The Lord Bishop of Brunn has just edified the faithful in the Austrian empire by announcing that "the oil of St. Walburga" possesses miraculous powers. He certifies that a girl in an institution kept by "the Daughters of Christian Charity" did on a certain day kiss a bottle containing the aforesaid oil, and was immediately cured of an inflammation of the eyes, which was so violent that she was almost blind. The bishop was so much struck by this that he ordered the Daughters of Christian Charity for ever to keep holy the 7th of November, that being the day on which "the miracle" was performed. This will be another source of revenue. The bottle must be kept clean, the oil must be looked after, a mass must be performed on the occasion. Money must be brought in.

Almost every Roman Catholic chapel in our land has now its gambling club. A raffling or lottery paper you will find posted up about their school or chapel doors. The following is from the Catholic *Mirror*, of last month:—

"A Raffle for the Benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.—We invite attention to a very elaborate model of St. Joseph's Church..... This exquisite miniature is well worth a visit—especially to those who are familiar with the original. All the details are faithfully carried out—the priest is at the altar, the choristers in their white cornets scattered through the pews, and the choir

with the music in their hands. The grounds around the church are also partly represented, and the windows nicely paned with isinglass.—The dimensions are quite considerable; a good sized table would be required to support it, and one much larger to give it effect."

It is deplorable to know that some of our Protestant churches should follow in the wake of her gambling schemes to get money, to raise funds. We have never heard of any Unitarian congregation holding a *raffle* or a *lottery* to build or repair *their* churches, and to raise the necessary funds for some missionary effort or a minister's salary, we hope we never will hear of anything of the kind in our midst. True it is that Christians are resorting to schemes for their church extension or existence, that the code of even commercial honour rejects in connection with its affairs. But that mother of all christian abominations has set the grand example in her schemes for church aggrandisement.

We think too much has been said about the disinterestedness of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and their deep sympathy for the suffering poor. They are instanced as patterns of pastoral care, because you find them looking after families living in the most squalid filth and poverty. But do they raise their members from their dirt and destitution. It is a notorious fact, although their poor are able-bodied men and willing workers, they still, under all the visits of their priests, retain the most abject condition of poverty and squalor. We have often remarked that the influence of chapel going in general on the poor amongst us, gradually improves their social condition. We know it is so; in many cases we have seen it. Husband, and wife, and family become better clothed and happier looking. Their home is removed into a cleaner locality, their habits of moral life are improved, their children are sent to school, their *house* becomes a *home*. In travelling among the colliery places in the North of England, we have been delighted with the improvement wrought in the *hearts*, *habits*, and *homes* of the miners by the zealous operations of Methodist societies, and we have said from our heart, although we differ from you, on many important points, "God bless your efforts." But we look among the wretched poor of the Roman Catholic church, with all the attentions of their priesthood, for signs of improvement, in vain. God forbid that we should deny the name of good christians to many of her poor members; but take them as a whole, *they* whose fathers for generations have been in her pale, *they* who from the first dawn of infancy have been under the training of her priests, her masses, ordinances and confessions which they have regularly attended; they who express their love for her, and would die for her honour. Yet these very members, the great mass of them, are the most heathenish, ignorant, and wicked men, women, and children that infest our towns; rioting, drunkenness, cursing, and wretchedness are ever in their wake, even on the Sabbath-day after morning mass. This can be said of many of our land who are not Roman Catholics, and attend no church or chapel, we know, but this can be pre-eminently said of those who are favoured with the visitations of her priests, and the ordinances of the Roman Catholic church.

Not so much would have been said to the honour of her priesthood had she exercised the same assiduity for the rich of the land that she does for the poor. It should not be overlooked that to her all her members are rich. The poor Irish day-labourer pays pounds every year into her coffers. The largeness of their donations to her, to save their souls, and secure them a better position in the world to come, to some extent, accounts for much of their wretchedness in this world. It is really mournful to hear their tales of self-denial, suffering, and sometimes of the robbery of their creditors, their shop accounts left unpaid we mean, to get money for the priest. Her votaries, in many cases, are trained into a state of perfect docility, which might be fairly termed imbecility, and the grasping greed of her priests reduces families to ruin, as it has paralyzed and beggared wealthy courts and nations. We are now writing within a mile of two families plundered of their all through the imbecility induced by superstitious reverence for this church, and the rapacity of her priests. Let us arouse ourselves in the face of blasphemy, superstition and religious fraud, calling itself the "*True Church of Christ*," and do something to let the deluded mortals, who are groping in darkness which can be felt know, what is religion, godliness, christianity, and the pathway to heaven.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN
ABOUT COMMENCING BUSINESS.

BY JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

1. Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in *small* and *useless* pleasures and indulgencies. If the young can be induced to *begin to save*, the moment they enter on the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessaries and comforts of life. Our people are certainly among the most improvident and extravagant on the face of the earth. It is enough to make the merchant of the old school, who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence and discretion he had to bring to bear on his own business, (and which are in fact the basis of all successful enterprise,) start back in astonishment to look at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest test of respectability, with me, is honest industry. Well-directed industry makes men happy. The really noble class —the class that was noble when "Adam delv'd and Eve spun," and have preserved their patent to this day untarnished—is the laborious and industrious.—Until men have learned industry, economy and self-control, they cannot be safely intrusted with wealth.

2. To industry and economy, add self-reliance. Do not take *too much advice.* The business man must keep at the helm and steer his own ship. In early life, every one should be taught to think for himself. A man's talents are never brought out until he is thrown to some extent upon his own resources. If in every difficulty he has only to run to his principal, and then implicitly obey the directions he may receive, he will never acquire that aptitude of perception, and that promptness of decision, and that firmness of purpose, which are absolutely necessary to those who hold important stations. A certain degree of independent feeling is essential to the full development of the intellectual character.

3. Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfils his engagements; he must do what he undertakes precisely *at the time*, as well as in the way he agreed to. The mutual dependence of merchants is so great, that their engagements, like a chain, which according to the law of physics, is never stronger than it weakest link, are often broken through the weakness of others than their own. But a prompt fulfilment of engagements is not only of the utmost importance, because it enables others to meet their own engagements promptly; it is also the best evidence that the merchant has his affairs well ordered —his means at command, his forces marshalled, and "every thing ready for action" —in short, that he knows his own strength. This it is which inspires confidence, as much perhaps as the meeting of the engagement.

4. Attend to the *minutie* of the business, small things as well as great. See that the warehouse is opened early, goods brushed up, twine and nails picked up, and all ready for action.—A young man should consider capital, if he have it, or as he may acquire it, merely as tools with which he is to work, not as a substitute for the necessity of labour. It is often the case that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises. Those make the best officers who have served in the ranks. We may say of labour, as Coleridge said of poetry, it is its own sweetest reward. It is the best of physic.

5. Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and it is the parent of a thousand more. It not only interferes both with the means and with the end of acquisition—not only makes money more difficult to get, and not worth having when it is got, but it is narrowing to the mind and to the heart. Selfishness "keeps a shilling so close to the eye that it cannot see a crown beyond." Never be narrow and contracted in your views. Life abounds in instances of the brilliant results of a generous policy.

6. Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do what is just and right.

7. Accustom yourself to think vigorously.—Mental capital, like pecuniary, to be worth anything must be well invested —must be rightly adjusted and applied, and to this end careful, deep, and intense thought is necessary, if great results are looked for.

8. Marry early. The man of business should marry as early as possible, after twenty-two or three years of age. A woman of mind will conform to the necessities of the day of small beginnings; and in choosing a wife a man should look at, 1st, The heart; 2nd, The mind; 3rd, The person.

9. Everything, however remote, that has any bearing upon success must be taken advantage of. The business man should be continually on the watch for information and ideas that will throw light upon his path, and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, etc., as well as a patron of useful and ennobling literature.

10. Never forget a favour, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart. Always honour your country, and remember that our country is one of the best poor man's countries in the world.

THE FIRST LESSON IN GAMBLING.

WHEREVER there are great collections of people, there are always bad and foolish people among them. It was so at Bridgeport Fair last week. Outside the grounds, behind or within tents and booths, were many who gambled, and led others to do so. Now it is a very simple thing to gamble, so simple, and often it appears so fair, that many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster stands, a circle of men and boys; on the ground sat a poor, degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed, and looking sick and weak. He held in his hand several rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it, which stood upright. A clear-faced, bright-eyed, handsome little fellow, well behaved, stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day school, always has his lesson at Sunday school; and such a boy as will always be a favorite with his companions, for his good heart, his kindness and unselfishness. He showed all this in his face as he stepped up to the man and said, "What's that for?"

"Give me a penny and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I will give you *six* pennies."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a penny and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, and tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six pennies.

"Six pennies," was the answer; which being put into his hand, he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about, and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six. Did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you *won* them *just as gamblers win money.* You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him his money back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades.

The boy was *honest*,—honest to himself, honest in his impulses, honest in his inmost soul. He did not stop to think, That gentleman does not know me, and I shall make a better use of the money than that poor gambling vagabond; so I'll just say nothing about it, but keep what I have fairly won. No, he was true to his honest soul; and he did right as if he was used to doing right, and as if it were no hardship. That is true honour and honesty;—not to think whether it is necessary or not whether anybody will know it; but to be honourable for honour's sake, truthful and honest for the love of it. Who does not love such a boy? Who does not love transparent characters anywhere, everywhere, in girls or boys, in old or young?

FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

"*I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth.*"—Daniel, 10th ch., 21 v.

"*For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we of Christ.*"—2nd Corin., 2nd ch., 17th v.

(2.) ONE GOD, AND GOD IS ONE.

Unitarians believe 'There is but one God and Father of all," "God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and in the *complete silence* of Holy Scripture regarding the doctrine of a Triune-deity, or of three persons in one God, that is, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Unitarians feel bound to reject this corruption of Christianity, and to believe with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and their Lord and Master Jesus Christ, that there is but ONE Supreme God, and that God is ONE.

The following are but a small moiety of thousands of passages in holy writ which bear witness to the scripturalness of their belief:—

GOD STYLED ONE.

"Hear, O Israel! Jehovah, our God, is One Jehovah."—Deut. vi. 4

"The Holy One of Israel."—2 Kings, xix. 22.

"I have not concealed the words of the Holy One."—Job vi. 10.

"O thou Holy One of Israel."—Psalm lxxi. 22.

"And Jehovah shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall there be One Jehovah, and his name ONE."—Zech. xiv. 9.

"The Holy One of Israel is our King."—Psalm lxxxix. 18

"The word of the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. v. 24.

"Great is the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xii. 6.

"At that day shall a man look to his maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xvii. 7.

"And the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xxix. 19.

"Have we not all One Father. Hath not One God created us all."—Mal. ii. 10.

"For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xxx. 15.

"But they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord."—Isa. xxxi. 1.

"The Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xxxvii. 33.

"To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One."—Isa. xl. 25.

"And thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xli. 16.

"The hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."—Isa. xl. 20.

"For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xliii 3.

"One is your Father who is in Heaven."—Matt. xxiii. 9

"And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is God."—Mark x. 18.

"I am the Lord your Holy One, the Creator of Israel, your King."—Isa. xliii. 15.

"Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and his Maker."—Isa. xlv. 11.

"As for our Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts is his name. The Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xlvii. 4.

"Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God."—Isa. xlviii. 17.

"And Jesus answered him, the first of all the commandments is Hear O Israel! the Lord our God is One Lord."—Mark xii. 29.

"And the Scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is One God and there is *none other but he*."—Mark xii. 32.

"The Holy One of Israel."—Jer. l. 29.

"The heathen shall know that I am the Lord, the Holy One of Israel."—Ezek. xxxix. 7.

"Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One."—Habak. i. 12.

"For I am God, and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee."—Hosea. xi. 9.

"It is One God who shall justify."—Rom. iii. 30.

"We know.....there is none other God but One."—1 Cor. viii. 4.

"To us there is but One God, the Father of whom are all things."—1 Cor. viii. 6.

"Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but GOD IS ONE."—Gal. iii. 20.

"For there is One God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus"—1 Tim. ii. 5.

"One God and Father of all who is above all."—Eph. iv. 6.

"Thou believest there is One God, thou doest well."—James ii. 19.

It must be evident to every candid person, from some of the foregoing passages as well as from some of the following passages, that God the Father, in contra-distinction to Jesus Christ, is the *one*, *only*, *alone*, *unequalled* and *true* God. Jesus Christ in solemn prayer to his Father, said:

"This is life eternal, that they may know THEE, THE ONLY TRUE GOD, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—John xvii. 3.

"And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord and said, O Lord God of Israel.....thou art the God even thou alone."—2 Kings, xix. 15.

"The Levites said.....Thou, even thou art Jehovah alone."—Neh. ix. 5.

"That men may know that thou, whose name *alone* is Jehovah, art the most high over all the earth."—Psalm lxxxiii. 18.

"For thou art great and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone."—Psalm lxxxvi. 10.

"Thou shalt have none other Gods but me."—Exodus xx. 3.

"Thou art Jehovah, even thou *only*."—Isa. xxxvii. 20.

"I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is none else beside me."—Isa. xlv. 5.

And there is no God else beside me."—Isa. xlv. 21.

"Now I know that Jehovah is greater than all Gods."—Exodus xviii. 11.

"Unto thee it was shewed, that thou mightest know that the Lord he is God; there is none else beside him."—Deut. iv. 35.

"He is God in Heaven above, and upon the earth beneath: there is none else."—Deut. iv. 39.

"See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me."—Deut. xxxii. 39.

"That men may know that thou, whose name alone is JEHOVAH, art the most high over all the earth."—Psalm lxxxiii. 18.

"For who in the Heaven can be compared unto Jehovah."—Psalm lxxxix. 6.

"For Jehovah your God, is God of gods and Lord of lords."—Deut. x. 17.

"Wherefore art thou great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee, neither is there any God beside thee."—2 Sam. vii. 22.

"Jehovah God of Israel, there is no god like thee, in heaven above or on earth beneath."—1 Kings, viii. 23.

"To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?"—Isa. xl. 18.

"To whom will ye liken me, and make me equal, and compare me that we may be like."—Isa. xlvi. 5.

"I am God and there is none else: I am God, and there is none like me."—Isa. xlvi 9.

"There is none like unto thee, O Jehovah..... there is none like unto thee."—Jer. x. 6.

"My Father," said Christ, "who gave them me is GREATER THAN ALL."—John x. 29.

"I go unto my Father: for my FATHER IS GREATER THAN I."—John xiv. 28.

The preceding passages demonstrate that no one either in heaven above or on the earth beneath must be compared to God, as equal with him. Yet there are millions of our fellow-men who dare compare and liken as equal other two persons to the God who has said "There is NONE like unto me." This anti-Scriptural position arises from the assumption of a *plurality* of persons in the Godhead. The concluding passages of this section of our argument represent God speaking of himself, and being spoken of, in the strictest sense of *oneness*. The last few passages show that Jesus Christ is not included in the scripture idea of God.

"And God said unto Moses, I am that I am."—Ex. iii. 14.

"*I* am the Almighty God."—Gen. xvii. 1.

"*I* am Jehovah thy God."—Ex. xxii., 2.

"See now that *I*, even *I*, am he."—Deut. xxxii. 39.

"Yet *I* am Jehovah thy God, from the land of Egypt, and thou shalt know no God but me."—Hos. xiii. 4.

"Now will *I* rise saith Jehovah; now will *I* lift up myself."—Isa. xxxiii. 10.

"*I* form the light, and create darkness; *I* make peace, and create evil; *I* Jehovah do all these things."—Isa. xlv. 7.

"Am *I* a God at hand, saith Jehovah, and not a God afar off.....Do not *I* fill heaven and earth."—Jer. xxii. 23.

"Blessed be *thou*, Jehovah God of Israel our father, for ever and ever. *Thine*, O Jehovah, is the greatness and the power;..... *thine* is the kingdom, O Jehovah, and *thou* art exalted above all."—1 Chron. xxix. 10.

"Father, (said Jesus) the hour is come; glorify *thy* Son, that *thy* Son also may glorify *thee*, as *thou* hast given him power over all flesh."—John xvii. 1.

"God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."—Acts ii. 26.

"Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—1 Cor. iii. 2

"The head of every man is Christ.....and the head of Christ is God."—1 Cor. xi. 3.

"God, even thy God hath anointed *thee* (i.e. Jesus Christ) with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."—Heb. i. 9.

"The LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, and the *Lamb*, are the temple of it."—Rev. xxi. 22.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the ONLY WISE GOD, be honour and glory for ever and ever."—1 Tim. i 17.

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

A GOOD WIFE.

If a happy marriage has given and ensures to man peace at home, let there be no dread of the caprices of chance; his happiness is sheltered from the strokes of fortune. A wife, gentle and affectionate, sensible and virtuous, will fill his whole heart, and leave no room for sadness.

What will he care for the loss of property when he possesses this treasure? Is not his house sufficiently magnificent as long as she commands respect to it—splendid enough, as long as her presence adorns it. A cottage where virtue dwells is far superior to a palace; it becomes a temple.

If he were deprived of a high and valuable office he would scarcely notice it, for he occupies the first and best place in the heart of her he loves. If he be not separated from her, banishment itself cannot become to him an entire exile; for in her person he views an image of his country.

Through her exertions order reigns in his household, as well as peace to the soul. If injustice or ingratitude irritate or grieve him, her caresses will appease, and her smiles console him.

Her commendation is his glory; she too is his conscience, he thinks himself good when he raises her affections, and great when she admires him. He sees in her reason personified, and wisdom in action, for she *feels* all that the philosophers in every age have only *thought*.

As modest as the violet, she shuns display, and diffuses in the shades around her the perfumes of virtue and happiness.

Labours, pains, pleasures, opinions, sentiments, and thoughts are in common between them; and as she never expresses more or less than what she feels, he reads at a glance; her thoughts in her gestures, and that even in her eyes he can apply to her what used to be said of Pompey when young, "The thought was uttered before the voice had sounded."

If he be ill the double balm of love and friendship comes to his aid. Numberless delicate and affectionate attentions dispel uneasiness, and waken hope. Pain itself smiles upon tenderness, and again knows pleasure.

If poverty should compel him to labour hard for a livelihood, and the cares of honest industry should exhaust his strength, or enfeeble his health, she alleviates the toil by sharing it.

How easy and short does the voyage of life appear with such a companion. As to the fortunate isles, he always finds in the same time, buds, flowers and fruits! His summer has retained and preserved the charms of his spring, and old age has drawn near without his perceiving its approach. So invaluable is a Good Wife.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—"Hope not for perfect happiness,' said Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy, on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy, "there is no such on earth; and though there were it would not be found at Court,—Greatness is often exposed to afflictions more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally sallies of ill-humour with patient mildness. Be obliging without putting great value on your favours. Pray God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or such behaviour."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

The following extract we have cut from a newspaper, on Spurgeon, "Some are too ready to compare Mr. Spurgeon with the apostle Paul; we think there is a great difference. In one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, of half-an-hour's preaching, he uses the word *hell* thirty times. St. Paul preached upwards of thirty years, and we are not aware that he used the word *hell* during the whole of that time *once*."

A Good Example.—Five ministers of the Presbyterian, Independent, Methodist, Universalist, and Unitarian churches of Boston, America, have agreed again, as they did last year, to deliver a discourse in the same church, on the question, "What must I do to be saved?"

Boys and Girls.—Speaking of the plan of seperating the school, a celebrated Glasgow teacher says, "The separation has been found injurious. It is impossible to raise the girls intellectually without the boys are with them—and it is impossible to raise boys morally without girls. But more than this—girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively intellectual by the softening influence of the female character."

A traveller in Palestine says that not far from its probable site where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, our guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field." The calynx of this giant lily resembles crimson velvet, and the gorgeous flower was of white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been "arrayed" more gloriously than "one of these." Such is the testimony of nature to the words spoken by our Lord.

H. W. Beecher on Singing.—By the way, yesterday morning I was at the Methodist church here. I have a most weighty charge to bring against the good people, of musical apostacy. I had expected a treat of good hearty singing. There were Charles Wesley's hymns, and there were the good old Methodist tunes, that ancient piety loved, and modern conceit laughed at! Imagine my chagrin when, after reading the hymn, up rose a choir from the shelf at the other end of the church, and began to sing a monotonous tune of the modern music book style. The patient congregation stood up meekly to be sung to, as men stand under rain when there is no shelter.—Scarcely a lip moved. No one seemed to hear the hymn, or to care for the music. How I longed for the good old Methodist thunder! One good burst of old-fashioned music would have blown this modern singing out of the windows like wadding from a gun! Men may call this an improvement, and genteel! Gentility has nearly killed our churches, and it will kill Methodist churches if they give way to its false and pernicious ambition. We know very well what good old-fashioned Methodist music was. It had faults enough, doubtless, against taste. But it had an *inward purpose, a religious earnestness* which enabled it to carry all its faults, and to triumph in spite of them! It *was* worship. Yesterday's music was tolerable singing, but very poor worship. We are sorry that just as our churches are beginning to imitate the former example of Methodist churches, and to introduce melodies that the people love, and to encourage universal singing in the congregation, our Methodist brethren should pick up our cast-off formalism in church music. It will be worse with them than with us. It will mark a greater length of decline.

The Trinitarian hypothesis of Atonement presents a great difficulty to philosophers in accepting the plurality of inhabited worlds. Sir David Brewster says:—"If our faith be that of the Arian or Socinian (meaning Unitarian), the difficulty is at once removed. But, if we believe with the (Orthodox) Christian Church, that the Son of God was required for the expiation of sin, the difficulty presents itself in the most formidable shape.

Saying and Doing.—Horace Mann, in one of his late addresses, makes the following pithy remarks touching *saying and doing* in the world and the church. They hit the point precisely. "Modern effort runs to the description or exposition of religious duty vastly more than to the performance of it. Hence, great books are written for Christianity much oftener than great deeds are done for it. City libraries tells us of the reign of Jesus Christ, but city streets tell us of the reign of Satan. The pulpit only 'teaches' to be honest; the market place 'trains' to over-reaching and fraud; and 'teaching' has not a tittle of the efficiency of 'training.' Christ never wrote a 'Tract' in his life, but he *went about doing good*. His professed followers write 'Tracts,' but stay in their luxurious homes, while the hungry, the naked, the sick and the prisoner are left as Lazarus was by Dives. In our day no religious association or convention is ever held, which, if resolutions had any self-executing power, does not pass resolutions enough to redeem half-a-dozen planets as bad as ours. I agree with the man who said he had read the '*Acts*' of the Apostles, but never their '*Resolutions*.'

The Rev. W. M. Punshon, the popular Methodist preacher, in concluding his lecture at Sunderland, on the Literature of the Bible, said he would finish by a quotation from the pen of Theodore Parker:—"The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. It is read of a Sabbath in all the ten thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up, week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colours the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the sea without it; no ship of war can go to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for her new duties; men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness; when the fever of this world is on them. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. The mariner escaping from shipwreck, clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the pedlar, in his crowded pack; cheers him at eventide, when he sits down dusty and fatigued; brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born; gives names to half Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself; our best of uttered prayers are in its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man, about waking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way unknown and distant, to take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes and home.

DIAMOND DUST.

"Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all."

One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth,

Morality is religion in practice, religion is morality in principle.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

The school teacher stands at the fountain, giving direction to the stream of life.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom-bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

A tender word dropped into the well of the human heart, is almost certain to splash the water to the eyes.

No man's inferiority makes him contemptible. Every man, taken at his best, will be found good for something.

Coleridge says, that those who begin by preferring their Christianity to Truth, usually end by preferring self to Christianity.

The more a man knows, the less he is apt to talk —discretion allays his heat, and makes him coolly deliberate what and where to speak.

Occupation is the safest thing for man. Those who work hard are less open to temptation, and less likely to be overcome by trouble than others.

Let there be a time for everything, and let everything be done in its time. In all your engagements let an hour be named, and be punctual in keeping to it.

If you are disquieted at anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquility.

The promises are the veins in which the gold runs; it is the work of faith to stamp this golden ore into ready money for the present necessity of the soul.

Life is not all a dream. Oh no! but a glorious living reality. Let each of us see well to it, that our lives do not tarnish its lustre, but add profusely to the glories that gather around it!

Humility does not consist in telling our faults, but in bearing to be told of them, in hearing them patiently and even thankfully; in correcting ourselves when told, in not hating those who tell us of them.

Wise persons, when they take advice, go to a physician, but fools go to a quack—and the large disproportion between the two classes explains why so many quacks make their fortunes, whilst many a clever physician starves.

Blessings which we have slighted when in our possession, are more highly prized when there is danger of our being deprived of them; and our hearts are more keenly touched by the anticipations of loss than by the fulness of enjoyment.

A sensible and excellent writer tells us that childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon the young heart, like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after effort can remove.

The good of the subject is understood to be the right of punishment, but when chastisement is inflicted, and in a manner so inconsiderate and brutal as to endanger the safety of the subject, the great foundation principle of the law is violated. The act becomes perfectly lawless, and as incapable of legal defence as it is abhorrent to every sentiment of *humanity* and *justice*.

ORIGINALITY OF CHRIST.

It is not the preceptive portion of Christianity which gives it its highest value. To speak of "good sentiments and precepts *put in* to give value to the rest," is preposterous, inasmuch as the Doctrines of Christianity have a pre-eminent value in and of themselves. They inevitably suggest good sentiments and precepts. If all the precepts and sentiments of all the philosophers named had died with them, the doctrines of Christianity would have re-created all that was good and true.

Aratus and Cleanthes, whom Paul quoted on Marshill, had said, three hundred years before Christ, "We are the offspring of God," but it was Christianity that gave sprit and life to such sayings. The universal Fatherhood of God, the central truth of Christianity, could learn nothing from heathen poets.

To make the good sentiments and precepts of Christianity stolen jewels gives to the New Testament writers a range of learning that cannot be claimed for them. It supposes them to have had a key to every cabinet from Egypt to Greece, and to be greater masters of Mosaic works than the world ever knew. No, the sentiments and precepts of Christianity flowed out of the inspired soul of Christ. If they were gathered from all times and peoples, then it was God who gathered them, as the sun is supposed to draw back the rays of light which have illuminated the globe, and to pour them down again in the sunshine of to-day.

Whatever may have been anticipated of the good sentiments and precepts of Christianity by master spirits before Christ, the originality of Christianity holds good on the ground of the symmetrical harmony of its parts, its perfection as a whole, and the vitality imparted to all sentiments and precepts by the doctrine and life of Jesus Christ. Here was originality to a grand degree. The doctrines of Jesus in their fulness were no stolen jewels put into the ears of a corpse; and from whence did he steal that Divine Life of his? It is a humiliating process for the unbeliever to go through his famous ranks of Philosophers and see with what absurd superstitions they united the fine sentiments and good precepts which are so much applauded. Their doctrines did not uphold these precepts any more than the doctrines of the popular Church can support the Golden Rule. In Jesus we see something peculiar. He vitalized his precepts. The words that *he* spake were "spirit and life." Whatever of sentiment or precept that existed before his time, were as the elements of modern discoveries or inventions which are by no means new; but the combination of them, the forms given them, by which they minister to the advance of Civilization and the progress of society, are new. Men of modern times have regulated and directed these elements as they have never been regulated and directed before; and the spirit of our humane religion is finely seen in the fact, that the glory of inventive skill lies now in ministering to what contributes to the general good.

Say, then, if men will, that Jesus taught nothing new—that, like the Golden Rule, all the sentiments and precepts of Christianity are jewels worn before the time of Christ, still it is low talk to speak of them as stolen; and it is a poor compliment to man's range of thought for him to say, he cannot help the conviction that they were stolen. Nay, these things were, when Christ came, also without power. He breathed into them new life, and they had power, as when God breathed into the lifeless clay the breath of life, and Adam rose to go into the Garden to dress and keep it. —*Rev. Henry Bacon.*

THE PLAINT OF LAWFUL LANTERNS.

A PEOPLE dwelt in darkness,
In gloom and blinding night,
Till some grew tired of candles,
And dared to long for light;
When straight the established lanterns
Were stirred with hate of day,
And loud the lawful rushlights
In wrath were heard to say—
Oh, have you not your lanterns?
What do you want with day?

Then loud the people murmur'd,
And vow'd it was not right
For men who could get daylight
To grope about in night,
Why should they lose the gladness,
The pleasant sight of day?
But still the establish'd lanterns
Continued all to say—
Oh, have you not your lanterns?
What do you want with day?

But people loathed the darkness,
And dared at last to say—
You old-established rushlights
Are good things in your way,
You candles are not sunlight?
You lanterns are not day:
Still loud the lawful lanterns
Did answer make, and say—
Oh, be content with lanterns,
Don't ask again for day.

At last, the crowd's deep murmur
Grew, gathering to a roar,
And that they would have daylight,
In lantern's spite they swore;
And fear was on all rushlights,
And trembling, and dismay;
Alas, alas, for lanterns!
The people heard them say—
Oh woe! oh woe! for lanterns,
Alas, there will be day!

And as the tempest thicken'd,
Aloud they shriek'd in fright,
Oh, once let in the sunshine,
And what will be our light!
We, shining lights in darkness,
Shall nothing be in day;
Oh, don't admit the sunshine—
Keep out the daylight, pray!
Oh, do without the sunshine—
Oh, don't let in the day!

The day came in; but prophets
Do say, 'tis certain, quite,
That long through coming ages,
Will lanterns hate the light;
That to our children's children,
In sorrow still they'll say—
Oh, for the times of darkness,
Ere lanterns passed away!
We're sure 'tis bad this sunshine,
This horrid glare of day!

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SCATTER the germs of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When He built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

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